start at it, there are a dozen or two in it. It gets out. He hears that you are coming. He may be a "hill-billy" and a desperate man at the same time. Benedict Arnold was a bad man. He wasn't particularly afraid of anything. He hears that you are coming. He doesn't know you mean mere mischief. He thinks from what he has heard, that you are coming to kill him—or what is worse than death to a Kentuckian—to inflict upon his back the sting and the ineffable stain of the lash. So he arms himself and waits. The boys gallop up the long avenue. There is the crack of a rifle from the window. The youth topples off his horse into the dust. The "hill-billy" comes down, tears the mask from his face—and lo! he is the son of an Association man! That mask will be a muzzle in my effort to defend you. That mask will be a badge of shame to me. All your enemies, and all my enemies, and the American Tobacco Company, will raise that mask with one wild and jubilant shout never heard before since Satan lifted his black banner of defiance above the red marl of hell. (Applause.) And with one accord they will cry, "Ah, noble Association! Whose mask is this?" The Association will be forced to bury you like a dog, because it has said they would condemn the thing that caused your death. An old father will see in all the papers the account of the death of his son. Every trust organ in the country, every subsidized press will work over-time to print your photograph to a hundred thousand people. Oh, for God's sake, for the Association's sake, for the dignity of your State and your country, do more than abstain from depredation yourselves. Use all the influence that you possess to keep others from it, and all the influence of this order to catch and punish every man that does. (Applause.)

My friends, several years ago, nearly two years ago, at a meeting at Guthrie, Mrs. Ewing intrusted me a white satin banner, upon which was engraved the emblem of this great order—a tobacco plant. Do you know—you remember it (turning to Mrs. Green on platform)—that all night long, with tear-dimmed eyes, that woman worked, sewing with a double thread her love and her anguish into that banner, for even then she left resting upon a bed of pain, the being dearer to her than all the world; left his side for the last time, that she might inscribe that banner. I called you all to witness that with trembling hands she gave it to me. Oh, how proud I was, as she said, "Mr. Stanley, you have done more for this Association than almost any other man. I want you to present this banner in my name to the Association, and tell them for me, to march under its folds to victory, (You know that flag was just as white as snow, with the exception of the plant), and tell them to do nothing in the name of this Association that would stain that white banner." I call you here to witness that I did then abjure you to obey that sweet and solemn command; to do nothing, either by day or by night, in the name of, or for the sake of the Association, so dear to her, which would bring a stain to the banner, or blush to the cheek of her who gave it. And yet, it has been charged, that on that occasion, and in that speech, I above all others, have fired you to riot and sedition. This utterance, like many others of its author, so devoid of truth, amazed, and had it eminated from a more worthy source, it might have angered me.

And now again I come to you, not in my name, but in her's, in the name of the Association, and the name of Felix G. Ewing, to plead with you, with all earnestness of my soul, to assist me in maintaining law and order. If there was anything he detested above all things, it was a cowardly or a criminal act, and he urged me a few years ago, as I do now, to speak to you on this same subject.

My friends, you have read the story of Arnold De Winkelried, how when the Austrian phalanx was formed for his country's destruction, he reached out his brave arms and took all the shimmering lances to his heart and made a great gap—for liberty and death. Felix Ewing, at the head of this organization, bared his manly breast to all the poisoned arrows they hurled at him, darts of calumny, slander, traduction and abuse, and he bore this great burden that he might hold up your Association, until he staggered under the heavy load. And now, a martyr to your cause, upon a bed of sickness—oh, I dare not say, I could not tell you how sick. It may be, it probably is true, that I commissioned by him, now speak the last words that you shall ever hear from his pallid lips; and I tell you in all solemnity, that Fexil Ewing today lifts his hand, all thin and white, in benediction, and with that face drawn with pain and anguish, and with the pallor of the long sleep upon it,in husky tones from New York he whispers to you, "Listen and obey," and that good wife who inscribed the banner, with her hand upon his pain-knotted brow, smiling still through her tears—the brave woman cries to you, "For God's sake, boys, do nothing to disgrace the banner;" and in his name and in her name, I say to you, pause—remember your flag, your cause, your state.

For a long month I have abandoned my work, my business,left the sick bed of my boy, and traveled over this County far and wide, poured over tons of musty documents. I have done the dray-horse labor of a slave, in order to present you right before the world. But my feeble tongue cannot defend you. No mortal man can defend you. YOU MUST DEFEND YOURSELVES, and the only way you can do it, is by calling to the front the manhood of your order, the conservative, safe, brave men, who will say that "from this on we will hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may, and the name of the Planters' Protective Association shall be unstained and unsullied. You can do it, and you will do it by the maintainance of the majesty of the law—sacred, absolutely

EXTRACTS FROM SATURDAY EVENING POST AND NEW YORK SUN, Attacking Planters Protective Association Answered by Mr. Stanley in Hopkinsville Speech.

Down in nineteen counties in Southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee an association of farmers has made open and successful war against the American Tobacco Company, one of the greatest financial combinations in the world.

* *

The organization which has made this unique record in American agricultural history is the Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective Association, with headquarters at Guthrie, Kentucky.

The story of the fight made by these farmers against the American Tobacco Company is so crowded with incident, so filled with economic detail, that merely its outline can be given here. Moreover, the truth regarding many things that have happened during this agricultural revolt is most difficult to obtain. On many of the most important points involved the assertions of one side are flatly contradicted by those of the other, and each, apparently, believes it is in the right.

What is known as the "dark tobacco district" of Kentucky and Tennessee lies in the following counties, all of them in the western part of the two states: in Kentucky, Christian, Logan, Graves, Fulton, Ballard, Simpson, Todd, Trigg, Caldwell, and Calloway; in Tennessee, Cheatham, Dickson, Henry, Houston, Smith, Montgomery, Robertson, Stuart and Weakley. The fight has been most active, however, in Christian, Caldwell, Logan, Todd and Trigg counties in Kentucky, and in Montgomery and Robertson counties in Tennessee.

The soil in these counties produces a quality of tobacco that is grown nowhere else in the world, and is known everywhere as "dark" tobacco. The leaf is deep in color, heavy in texture and "full-blooded." It is used more extensively abroad than in this country, and large quantities are exported to England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Africa.

The farmers who are members of the association claim that the American Tobacco Company, by harsh and unjust manipulation of the tobacco market, so depressed prices that tobacco could not be raised at a profit. They assert that by their combination they have nearly trebled the price of tobacco inside of three years, and that the company has tacitly admitted the justice of their figures by taking their crop at their price. The officials of the American Tobacco Company allege, on the other hand, that natural conditions have played a large part in increasing the price of tobacco, and that the association has exerted comparatively a small influence in securing the advance.

The strife between the farmers and the American Tobacco Company has been marked by a rancor and bitterness difficult to describe and impossible to exaggerate. It has been prolific of business boycotts and social ostracisms. It has produced violence and crime, turned cordial friends into bitter foes, divided families, broken off prospective marriages, diverted the channels of trade and split the church. Born, as it was, in the neighborhood that gave birth to the Kuklux Klan, it has in some degree awakened the spirit of that dreaded organization, and set the night rider to galloping once more along the roads of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Because of it, men sit by night with rifles in their hands to guard their crops and barns. Because of it, cities have been called arms to resist threatened attack and destruction of property. Because of it, every night, in nineteen counties in Kentucky and Tennessee, men sleep with bolts drawn, windows barred and weapons within reach. It has created unrest, suspicion and terror. In a word, it has driven peace from the land.

An incident that occurred in Tennessee fairly illustrates the spirit in which the fight is carried on. The pastor of the Methodist church in a certain hamlet one night called upon a man, not a member of the farmers' association, to "lead" the prayer-meeting. At the conclusion of the services the members of the congregation who were affiliated with the association informed the astonished pastor that he must no longer allow that man to "lead" the meeting.

"And why not?" asked the minister.

"He is not one of us—he does belong to the association—and we will not follow him anywhere, not even in prayer," was the response.

The pastor informed the non-association man that other members of the flock objected to the mingling of his prayers with theirs, and that he must in the future refrain from calling upon him during the prayer-meeting.

The "Ishmaelite" accepted the situation philosophically. "All right," he said. "I suppose I can pray in secret if I like. They won't object to that will they?"

Against the American Tobacco Company the farmers of the dark tobacco district claim to have direct and specific complaint. They allege that not only by unfair business methods it depresses the price below the cost of production, but that it has frozen out numerous independent dealers, and has combined with the Italian Regie, the company which buys tobacco for the Italian government monopoly, to keep down prices to such a point that there is no profit for the farmer.

The charge of collusion between the American Tobacco Company and the Italian Regie is made blindly, and there is no evidence to support it. A searching inquiry by the Federal Government has failed to show that the two companies are now, or ever have been, working in collusion.

If a farmer is asked to name his special grievance against the trust, the chances are one hundred to one that he will say that in 1903 it so heavily depressed prices for tobacco that the crop could not be raised at a profit. Other complaints he may have, but this one reason he is certain to give for his animosity to the American

of the present time dates from the crop of tobacco that was planted in 1902 and handled in the spring of 1903.

Prices were low in 1903, but they had been as low in other years when the American Tobacco Company had never been heard of in the dark tobacco district.

The crop of 1902 was fair to look upon, but its appearance was it chief merit. The farmer sold it at a fair figure, it he sold early; but, from the time it was hung in the barns, the tobacco steadily deteriorated. Every man who bought it, sold it for less money than he paid. For all the men who handled it in a commercial way it was a money-loser and a trouble breeder. It is estimated that in the country around Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and Clarksville, Tennessee, the financial loss on tnis crop was not short of one mollion dollars. Many men were entirely ruined by the decline in prices that attended the loss in quanty in the tobacco.

Then came the crop of 1903. This was poor in appearance, and, with the experience of the crop of 1902 in wrathful memory, looks did ont rank as a valuable asset. Tobacco was low when the former crop was disposed of, and there was nothing in the appearance of the new crop to cause dealers to pay high prices for it. The consequence was tha tthe farmers received a low figure for their crop. The tobacco this year, however, acted in a manner directly opposite to that of 1902. It improved in appearance and quality, and sold for good prices. Even then, the warehousemen and jobbers did not regain what they had lost on the crop of 1902. As compared to them, the farmer had the better financial experience in the two years. The farmers have never been able to believe this, however. They are firmly of the opinion that the prices are juggled with the deliberate intention of robbing them.

In 1903, too, the practice of buying tobacco of farmers at their barns instead of through the warehousemen was commenced by the Italiam Regie, and the farmers insist that this was done for the purpose of eliminating competition in buying.

The Regie was practically forced to buy of the individual farmer. It had for years purchased its tobacco through the warehouses, and it had been outrageously cheated in many instances. Many hogsheads of "nested" tobacco was sent to Italy, and the Italian government was compelled to handle them at a financial loss. The practice of "nesting," or packing the interior of the hogshead with an inferior grade of tobacco, was so frequently practiced that the Italian government finally ordered its buyers to deal no more with the warehousemen, but to buy tobacco from the farmers individually.

When the practice was inaugurated in self-defense, by the Italian Regie, the American Tobacco Company followed suit, and sent buyers into the country. The buyers of the one company, however, did not have the same district as the buyers of the other. The farmers declared with vehemence that the two companies refused to bid against each otner, and the officers of the two companies assert with equal confidence that no such orders were ever issued. This is one of the most important points in the controversy upon which there is no compromise, and no tangible proof exists on either side.

* *

It was decided to curtail the crop, each member of the association agreeing to plant a maximum of seven and one-half acres of tobacco for the first fifty acres owned or controlled by him, and two and one-half acres for each additional fifty acres. This plan reduced the total acreage in the first year of the association by twenty-five or thirty per cent. In 1905 a further reduction of fifteen per cent was made. In 1906 the acreage was the same as in 1905.

The reduced crop naturally increased values. In 1904 the association sold twenty-three thousand hogsheads at an average price of five and one-half cents. In 1905 thirty-five thousand hogsheads were sold at an average price of seven and one-quarter cents. In 1906 thirty-eight thousand hogsheads were sold at an average price of nine cents.

The official price of the association tobacco is fixed by the officers of the association after due consideration of market conditions, and no tobacco goes into the market unless it goes at the figure they place upon it. The American Tobacco Compan yis an extensive buyer from the association, but it pays the association figure for all that it gets.

The only expense to the members of the association is a one per cent, brokerage charge, which nets the association about sixty tnousand dollars annually, and pays the running expenses and the modest salaries of a few executive officers.

Immediately following the formation of the association, the "hill-billy" made his appearance on the stage. Specifically, a "hill-billy"is a man who refuses to join the association, and persists in marketing his crop in an independent manner. * * * *

There are in the dark tobacco districts of Kentucky and Tennessee hundreds of farmers who are honestly interested in the welfare of the people, as a whole, as any member of the association, who are of the opinion that, as compared to the American Tobacco Company, the farmers' organization is the most unscrupulous, intolrant and offensive trust of the two. Subscribing to its original aims, these farmers now believe that it has become criminal in its objects. The violent and injudicious missionary methods of certain members of the association have unfortunately given much ground for this opinion. Accusing the American Tobacco Company of a desire to corner the market, these unwise members of the association have sought a similar result for their own advantage, and, unofficially, have employed worse methods of bringing it about.

The unruly members of the association have taken the stand that the American Tobacco Company has, by its methods of doing business, placed itself outside the law, and that all

They also believe that all men who are not active members of their organization are open allies of the Tobacco company, and they make war on both alike.

By far the greatest part of the financial loss that has resulted from the fight of the farmers against the tobacco trust has come through the "scraping" of the tobacco beds, and, in order to understand the nature of the damage thus inflicted, and its vast extent, a slight explanation of the manner of growing tobacco is essential.

It is a peculiarity of the tobacco plant that, in the early stages of growth, it thrives best in soil which has never before been under cultivation. A bed, which may be anywhere in size from one square yard upward, is made by clearing a suitable location, generally in the woods, and on the south side of an elevation. The soil is finely powdered, and, generally in February, the seed is sown broadcast and the bed covered with a sheet of canvas. In May or June, when the plants have attained sufficient vigor to bear transplanting, they are taken to the field, where the crop matures in about ninety days.

Before the transplanting nothing is more easy than for the "hoe-tater" to call at the bed, which is generally remote from the residence of its owner and, by firteen minutes dilligent use of a hoe, cut down all the growing plants and ruin all chances of a crop. Other methods of destruction besides the hoe which are frequently used are to sprinkle the bed with grass seed, which is of more vigorous growth than tobacco, and speedily chokes the plants to death, or to cover it with salt or kerosene. The "scraping" of the bed by any of these methods means the absolute loss of the crop, for the reason that there is no time to get a second lot of plants. It is estimated that several thousand beds have been "scraped" throughout the dark tobacco district since the commencement of the fight against the American Tobacco Comptny, and the resultant damages has been enormous. The "scraping" of beds has, in fact, played a large part in the curtailment of the crop through which prices have been trebled inside of three years. Only one man has been arrested in connection with these instances of "scrauing," and he was acquitted in Clarksville, Tennessee, after a short trial.

There have been no arrests following the numerous cases of arson, and the chances of conviction are small if any arrests are ever made. Kentucky has a new state official who is called the State Fire Marshal. The present incumbent, Mott Ayres, of Fulton, Kentucky, is the first man to fill the place. He has worked with much energy upon the cases of incendiarism that have taken place in the dark tobacco district; but, because of the many obstacles in his way, the result of his labors has not, up to the present time, been such as greatly to encourage stockholders in fire-insurance companies.

This is because the people in the sections in which incendiary fires have taken place are so largely in sympathy with the members of the organization of the farmers, and so bitter against the American Tobacco Company, that it is next to impossible to secure an indictment, and convictions are even more problematical.

Acts of personal intimidation were not long in following the formation of the association. One month and five days after it was launched at Guthrie, Kentucky, a band of seventy-five men called on B. H. Sory, a buyer for the Italian Regie, who was camping out on the banks of the Red river, in Tennessee. Mr. Sory had been the sheriff of Robertson county, Tennessee, and, in the words of one who knew him well, "nobody ever bluffed him much or twice."

The call upon Sory was made at midnight, and for the purpose, as his visitors expressed it, "of having a little talk." Sory armed himself with a "pump" shotgun, and intimated that the talking could be done at a distance, and i n a loud tone of voice. If any other program was attempted, somebody might be hit so hard with a load of buckshot as to paralyze his conversational powers. The men left the camp without having the "talk." Dynamite for protection . . . . . .

Later, at Adams, Tennessee, where Sory owned a large tobacco warehouse, four hundred men gathered for the purposse of burning the warehouse. If Sory was in it at the time of the burning, he would have taken his chances. A score of the friends of Sory were with him in the warehouse, well armed and ready for trouble. The association people did not like the prospects and rode away.

* *

Benjamin Hollins, a farmer living near Clarksville, Tennessee, was one of those who had given out the impression that he had placed dynamite in his tobacco bed. On Hollins place lived an old colored man named Dudley, who was a "share cropper," that is, a man who raises a crop on shares. One night a band of fifteen men, determined o ruin Hollins' tobacco crop called at the cabin of Dudley with the intentio nof forcing him to guide them to the tobacco bed of Hillins.

Dudley was absent, and his wife was at hime alone. When she stepped across the threshold to give some directions regarding the riad to Guthrie, Kentucky, which one of the gang had asked for in a loud voice, she was seized and asked if she knew the location of Hillins tobacco beds. She said she did. She was then ordered to march along with the party and point out the beds. On the way the members of the party made solicitous inquiry regarding the supposed presence of dynamite in the beds, but the only information that Mrs. Dudley was able to impart was that she did not know anything about it. Arrived at the beds she pointed out that belonging to Hollis. Then came a pause. The woman was asked what Hollins had placed in the beds, and she truthfully replied:

"I don't know nothin' about what he got in dar."

Another attack of thoughtfulness seized the night riders. All of them were anxious for the welfare of the association, but none of them was

the cause. Finally the suggestion was made:

"Make the woman stamp in it."

No sooner said than done. Half a dozen pairs of hands seized Mrs. Dudley, and she was lifted over the low fence surrounding the bed. She was then ordered to stampover the surface of the tobacco bed until she proved the presence of dynamite by blowing herself into eternity, or showed that no dynamite was present by her failure to produce an explosion. Up and down the bed the poor woman went, stamping upon every square foot of ground, whilefifteen men stood at a distance watching her go where not one of them dared set his foot. The woman was completely exhausted when she had proven to the satisfaction of the crowd that no dynamite was buried in the bed. She was then allowed to crawl over the fence again, and the bed was promptly "scraped."

* *

The association, however, is sure of at least one or two more years of prosperous sailing. The market is advancing, and while prices go up the masses of the membership will remain firm. The truet test of the strength of the association will come, nowever, when it endeavors to maintain prices against adverse circumstances.

There are hundreds ?of ?forced ?recruits in the organization, and such are never faithful soldiers. Many men now in the association, it is alleged, have sold secretly to the trusts, and they will probably continue to do so. There are chairmen of the districts into whicn the association territory is divided who do business with the trust while they denounce it in their public utterances, and these may be relied upon on to turn against the organization at the first sign of failure to maintain prices.

MORE IDEALISM

The following are extracts taken from an editorial, commenting on the above "Post" article, which appeared in the "New York Sun" under date of August 7:

If Congressman AUGUSTUS O. STANLEY, of Kentucky, is right there is no dark tobacco district "war" in Western Kentucky and Tennessee. There is no "night-riding" and none of the other depredations which have been alleged against the planters of this region; nothing but sensational fictions emanating from trust quarters for malign purposes. If this is so then an article printed in the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post about the "Great Tobacco War" is imaginative writing, but it is full of verisimilitudinous details which incline one to think that Representative STANLEY is not as cognizant as he might be of all that has been going on in his bailiwick, part of which is included in the battleground. The article does, as will be seen, call for a considerable stretch of the imagination in a certain respect, but it seems to be sufficiently weighted with what look like facts to suggest that even Mr. STANLEY would not care to characterize them as counterfeit presentments.

According to this article it seems that in September, 1904, an organization called the Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective Association was formed at Guthrie, Ky., for the purpose of uniting tobacco growers in a movement to restrict output and elevate and maintain prices; in other words to fulfill the popular conception of a trust.

* *

On account of market developments in 1902 and 1903 the tobacco growers of this extensive area decided that they had a grievance against the domestic and foreign tobacco trusts, so-called, and after much ventilation of the aleged grievance the planters' trust referred to was formed. The "tobacco war" is not, however, a war between trusts. It is a war against those planters who refuse to join the association or who break its rules in respect to the size of crops or depart from the selling prices fixed by the officers of the association. What this war means in a general way is thus described:

"Because of it men sit by night with rifles in their hands to guard their crops and their barns. Because of it cities have been called to arms to resist threatened attack and destruction of property. Because of it every night in nineteen counties in Kentucky and Tennessee men sleep with bolts drawn, windows barred and weapons within reach. It has created unrest, suspicion and terror. In a word, it has driven peace from the land."

So far as the indications go it is a one-sided war; the war of organization against individuals, although the organization, as such, does not do the things which have made the war atrocious. The favorite method of waging war is to "scrape" the tobacco beds of farmers who, in the opinion of the scrapers, need discipling. This means simply the destruction of a growing crop by any method of effectual worth.

It is work that, like all the related work of the war, is done at night, and like all the other work, it does not even follow that the victim of it was anything but a loyal member of the association, fordeeds of this kind done under the cover of darkness may pay off many a private grudge. Acts of personal intimidation have been numerous, and while there has been more than enough arson the new state Fire Marshal of Kentucky has not been able to accomplish much which would

"greatly encourage stockholders in fire insurance companies." One wonders how the farmers who are the objects of the gracious attention of the propaandistsg of the planters' trust stick at being converted. They must be made of sturdy stuff. If they are lucky enough to carry a crop of wheat through the harvest every bundle of wheat has to be opened before it is thrown into the threshing machine and examined for horseshoes or wagon springs put in them in the hope of wrecking the machines, or for artfully arranged contrivances of kerosene and matches designed to fire the thresher. Some of the victimized have gone to the extent of causing it to be known that they have planted dynamite in their tobacco beds as a welcome to the scrapers, but defensive measures of this sort are not always genuine. A case where it was not lets in a lot of light on the heroic character of the war. A band of scrapers took a negro woman out of a cabin one night and compelled her to guide them to the tobacco bed of a planter which they wished to destroy. The planter had talked about arranging a dynamite reception for scrapers and this brave band of raiders made the negro woman stamp over every foot of the ground without exploding any dynamite before they would risk their own lives and tear up the bed of young plants.

No doubt Congressman STANLEY would brand all this chrouicle which we have been citing as imaginative, but the really imaginative part is yet to come. Although the chroniclers' details make the tobacco war—that is, the planters' trust propaganda—to be a black and dastardly affair, the chronicler himself is not wholly out of sympathy with the propagandists. Although he makes it pretty plain that there is little or no evidence to back up the alleged grievance against the domestic or foreign tobacco trusts, so-called; although he says that hundreds of planters who are honestly interested in the people's welfare are of the opinion that, compared with the so-called tobacco trust, the planters' trust "is the more unscrupulous, intolerant and offensive"; although he declares the certainty that "the violent methods" of the propagandists "will sconer or later provoke equally violent retaliation"; although he points out that the propaganda has yet to be tested by the adversity of declining markets and quotes rumor to the effect that the Dark Tobacco Planters' Association is rife with treachery, and although the methods of the propagandists are what he has described them—yet he arrives at the following idealistic conclusion:

"Despite all the trouble and woe it has caused, however, the movement of the planters of the dark tobacco district has, on the whole, been a movement of men for the good of man, notwithstanding the follies, the faults, the frailties and the crimes of many of its members."

* *

Anybody whose idealism goes that far is likely to believe the same of the Hunchakists or the Western Federation of Miners.

FAIRS IN KENTUCKY DURING 1907

Hodgenville, Sept. 10-12.
Monticello, Sept. 10-13.
Glasgow, Sept. 11-14.
Hartford, Sept. 11-14.
Guthrie, Sept. 12-14.
Kentucky State Fair, Louisville Setp. 16-21.
Owensboro, September 17-21.
Sebree, Sept. 18-21.
Henderson, September 24-28.
Falmouth, Sept. 25-28.
Mayfield, Oct. 1-5.
Mt. Olivet, Oct. 3-5.
Bardwell, Oct. 15-16.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man is as wicked as his thoughts.

A whittler never whittles his own furniture.

Being out of a job sort of tames a man down.

What a lot of things people hide from each other!

A man is always at least as old as he confesses to being.

Men have failed in business for every reason but lack of advice.

We are all inclined to waste powder when the enemy is not in sight.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to learn to take a hint readily.

It isn't necessary to go very far from home in order to become a stranger.

The unpopularity of millionaires, however, is not what causes the comparatively small number of them.—Atchison Globe.

A yawn from the pew may mean somnolency in the pulpit.

John Barleycorn still holds the championship belt as a fighter.

The richest man is the one who is satisfied with what he has.

Some men give; others amputate themselves from their money.

A boy's first ambition is to play the snare drum in the village band.

A church letter is small recommen-